

*Virgilian* THE  
SECOND BOOK

OF

VIRGIL's ÆNEID,

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE

By JOHN MORRISON,

Of the GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Non injuria cano; si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis  
Captus amore leget.—

Virg.

SECOND EDITION.

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**T**H E following translation is printed from a series of exercises done by a Boy only twelve years of age, in the Grammar-School of Wolverhampton. The Reader will observe in it evident marks of a juvenile performance; yet the Passages, which evince genius, and afford indications of talents likely hereafter to produce something more worthy of attention, will, it is presumed, be found numerous enough to preserve it from contempt, and respectable enough not to render it unworthy of the School, of which he is a member. The copies of it are multiplied with a view to stimulate to exertion—by keeping alive in the School that great, vital principle of improvement—Emulation. This consideration will, it is hoped, entitle it to that indulgent Criticism, which the voluntary publication of maturer years cannot solicit—at least upon the same grounds—or with the same prospect of success.

*GX*  
The

## The A R G U M E N T.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.



THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THROUGHOUT the royal mansion silence reign'd,  
Whilst all the guests from noise and mirth refrain'd.  
Then spoke Æneas, rising from his seat,  
Why dost thou, Queen, thus press me to repeat  
My country's woes, and urge me to relate  
The Grecian plots, and mighty Ilion's fate ?  
How I unhappy on the Trojan plain  
Saw Ilion fall, and all my labours vain ?  
Who can unmov'd by gentle pity stand ?  
Not e'en Ulysses or his Grecian band.  
And the moist night prepares from heav'n to fly,  
The stars are set, and slumber seals the eye.  
But if thou still persist to know the hate  
Of Greece, the woes of Troy, and Priam's fate :—  
Hear,—tho' my mind shrinks back with fear to tell,  
How Troy by Greece and perjur'd Sinon fell.

Repuls'd by fate from Ilion's lofty Wall,  
(Ilion not doom'd for ten long years to fall)  
By Pallas taught they build a wooden horse,  
Then back to Greece pretend to shape their course.

Within, the bravest of the Grecian band,  
By lot appointed, take their desp'rate stand.

An Isle there is in sight, well known by fame,  
Rich in great wealth, and Tenedos its name ;  
A pow'rful state, whilst stood the Trojan towers,  
Nor laid in dust by Greece's conqu'ring powers :  
Here by the roaring main along the sands  
The fleet lay hid, and all the Grecian bands.  
Ignorant of their plots to sink the fame  
Of lofty Ilion and the Trojan name,  
We to Mycena judg'd they'd cross'd the main,  
And home to Argos plow'd the waves again.  
Free from her fears exulting Ilion pours  
Her festive subjects on the sandy shores.  
With joy the long contested plains we sought ;  
Here stood the steeds, and there the Grecians fought ;  
Here stood the camps, where 'Chilles in his car  
Rush'd thro' the hosts, and broke the ranks of War ;  
Here to the land their vessels laid their head ;  
There rag'd the battles, here our heroes bled ;  
There some admire the gift of Pallas' hands,  
Stupendous structure ! arm'd with Grecian bands.  
Whether foul treason or resistless fate  
Had doom'd destruction to the Trojan state,  
Thymetes first persuades to place the bane  
Within the walls, and at Minerva's fane :  
But those, whose minds far better thoughts employ,  
With Capys join to save the tow'rs of Troy,  
Advising straight to cast into the main  
The direful gift of Argos' guileful train.  
Now whilst the Trojan youth beheld with joy  
The shores deserted and the fields of Troy,  
Apollo's priest from sacred Ilion comes  
From Priam's mansion and his lofty domes,  
And thus he spoke ; O Trojans, doom'd by fate,  
By adverse Gods and Greece's lasting hate !

What madness leads you to believe the band  
 Have sail'd from Troy to seek their native land ?  
 Think ye, the Greeks will e'er forsake the town ?  
 And is it thus Ulysses craft is known ?  
 This dread machine is destin'd for our woe ;  
 Within its wooden ribs lies hid our foe ;  
 Some cheat there is ; my Trojan friends take care ;  
 When Greeks give presents, Trojans should beware.  
 He spoke, and hurl'd a spear with vengeful pride,  
 Which fix'd stood quiv'ring in the monster's side :  
 The far resounding noise is heard around,  
 And the deep caverns echo to the sound.  
 Then had the Fates to Ilion tow'r's prov'd kind,  
 And Gods endu'd with sense the human mind !  
 He from the horse the Grecian band had driv'n ;  
 Troy still had rais'd its tow'ring spires to heav'n,

'Twas now the shepherds brought a Grecian bound  
 With iron chains, whom on Mount Ide they found.  
 He on the way a willing captive waits,  
 To let in Greece thro' sacred Ilion's gates ;  
 Of courage bold, determin'd to await  
 Success by art, or meet a certain fate.  
 The Trojan youths then round the Grecian flock'd,  
 And with insulting words the captive mock'd.  
 Now hear, O Queen, the plots of Argive bands ;  
 The crime of all in perjur'd Sinon stands.  
 Unarmed as he stood, he cast his eyes  
 Around the troops, and thus lamenting cries ;  
 " Ah wretched me ! what hospitable state  
 " Will now receive me from impending fate ?  
 " No place is left in Greece my native shore ;  
 " Alas ! your swords will reek with Sinon's gore."

Struck with his tears, and melancholy fate,  
 Our minds relent ; we urge him to relate,

Who was his sire, what injuries he bore,  
 What hope of life thus captur'd on our shore.  
 Fear by these words being driv'n from his breast,  
 He thus with artful speech the king addrest.

“ O Trojan Prince, my story I'll reveal,  
 “ From you and Troy the truth I'll not conceal.  
 “ Altho' I've long by fortune been opprest,  
 “ Fair truth shall ne'er be driv'n from my breast.  
 “ From Argos (ever pleasant, fruitful plain !)  
 “ I sail'd to Troy, and cross'd the raging main.  
 “ If in discourse you've heard the noble name  
 “ Of Palamedes, so renown'd by fame,  
 “ Whom now the Grecians mourn depriv'd of light,  
 “ By fierce Ulysses sent to th' shades of night ;  
 “ Me yet a youth, with him my father dear  
 “ Sent the long labours of the war to bear.  
 “ Whilst Palamedes' life and crown remain'd,  
 “ I liv'd respected and some honours gain'd.  
 “ Long time I mourn'd my friend depriv'd of breath,  
 “ And madly threaten'd to revenge his death,  
 “ If fav'ring Gods should once again restore  
 “ Me safe to Argos and my native shore.  
 “ Hence sprang the source of all my future woes ;  
 “ My griefs and sorrows all from hence arose.  
 “ From this time forth the fly Ulysses spread  
 “ Reports all levell'd at my destin'd head.  
 “ Nor did he cease till Calchas had foretold —  
 —“ But why shou'd I ungrateful tales unfold ?  
 “ Or why delay ? if it is all you seek  
 “ To know and punish—here I am—a Greek.  
 “ Now take your vengeance ; let Atrides smile,  
 “ And fierce Ulysses glory in his guile.

We, too ignorant of our artful foe,  
 With eager haste demand his fate to know.

Then

Then thus dissembling he pursued his tale ;  
 " When now the Greeks no longer could prevail,  
 " Oft did the troops from Ilion's hostile plain  
 " And Asia's wars, attempt to cross the main,  
 " And oft by storms were driven back again.  
 " When also first they built this bulky steed,  
 " Then rush'd the winds with vast, impetuous speed,  
 " The liquid storms descended from on high,  
 " And the loud thunders bellow'd thro' the sky.  
 " We sent an herald to the fane to know  
 " The direful cause of this tempestuous woe.  
 " These words he brings and thus unfolds our fate ;  
 " O Greeks, when first ye sail'd to Ilion's state,  
 " The winds and Phœbe ye appeas'd with gore,  
 " Now blood must free ye from the Trojan shore."  
 " Soon as the awful answer reach'd our ears,  
 " With shiv'ring limbs the Greeks confess their fears.  
 " Ulysses forc'd sage Calchas to relate  
 " The will of Jove and all commanding fate.  
 " My friends foretold my undeserved woe,  
 " And silent curse the hatred of my foe.

" The sage for twice five days refus'd to speak,  
 " Or to betray, or put to death a Greek ;  
 " Till forc'd by vile Ulysses to relate,  
 " He mark'd me out the victim of the state.  
 " The Grecian troops assent to this decree,  
 " And what each fear'd, is turn'd alone on me.  
 " The fatal day draws near ; they then prepare  
 " The salted cakes, and bind my destin'd hair :  
 " My bonds, I own, I broke and fled away,  
 " All night in lakes and sea-green sedge I lay,  
 " Till to the winds the Greeks their fails display.  
 " For ever banish'd from my native shore,  
 " My fire and children I in vain deplore ;  
 " Them for this act the bloody Greeks will slay,  
 " With death my dearest friends this flight will pay.

“ By all the sacred Gods I now adjure,  
 “ If any faith to mortals is left pure,  
 “ Pity the wretch, to whose unhappy share  
 “ Fate has ordain’d such miseries to bear.”

We take compassion on the captive’s fears,  
 And Sinon’s life we grant unto his tears.  
 The hoary king in gentlest terms commands  
 To loose the fetters from the Grecian’s hands :  
 Then thus the aged Prince with placid look,  
 In friendly words to perjur’d Sinon spoke.  
 ‘ Whoe’er you are, the Phrygian Monarch speaks,  
 ‘ In Ilion live ; forget the treach’rous Greeks.  
 ‘ Henceforth you’re ours ; relate to me and Troy  
 ‘ What arts and Plots the Grecian troops employ :  
 ‘ Say why they build this steed’s stupendous height,  
 ‘ Is it against our lofty tow’rs to fight ?  
 ‘ Religion’s sacred myst’ries does it bear ?  
 ‘ Or is it meant to scale our walls in war ?

Thus Priam spoke ; and Sinon with his eyes  
 And hands uplifted, thus attests the skies.  
 “ Ye everlasting fires, whose lucid flame  
 “ Burns pure and sacred in yon starry frame !  
 “ Ye holy altars, from whose fane I fled !  
 “ Ye garlands destin’d for my wretched head !  
 “ On ye I call ; permit me to relate  
 “ The Grecian secrets and the Grecian fate.  
 “ ’Tis just to hate the race, and to disclose  
 “ The arts of Greece, where deep concealment grows.  
 “ If sacred Troy remains from falsehood free,  
 “ And keeps her promise unto wretched me ;  
 “ If great important truths, I shall relate,  
 “ Then save the wretch, who saves the Trojan state.

“ The Grecian hopes and all the Grecian wars  
 “ Were long upheld by Pallas’ fav’ring cares ;

But

" But since that time, when fierce Tydides hands  
 " Profan'd her temples, flew the Trojan bands,  
 " And with Ulysses, impious, blind to fate,  
 " Durst steal her image from the Trojan state ;  
 " From that time forth our hopes began to fade,  
 " Our strength she wither'd, and refus'd her aid.  
 " Scarce in our camps was plac'd the sacred wood,  
 " When briny drops upon the statue stood ;  
 " Its rolling eye-balls livid lightnings sent ;  
 " Thrice from the ground it leapt, and shook the tent :  
 " Then wonderful to tell, it grasp'd its spear,  
 " And rais'd its dreadful Ægis high in air.  
 " The rev'rend Calchas oft address'd the bands  
 " To hoist their sails, and steer from Phrygia's sands :  
 " Quick, haste your flight, no more your thoughts employ,  
 " Or hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy ;  
 " Unless great Jove auspicious omens sends,  
 " And fav'ring Pallas to our aid descends.  
 " Now they prepare to plough the foaming main,  
 " And with their Gods return to Greece again.  
 " But quick returning from the Grecian shore,  
 " Once more they will invade the Trojan power.  
 " By Calchas order'd, to the warlike maid  
 " They build this steed to gain her friendly aid ;  
 " With size immense they raise the wond'rous form,  
 " To touch the heav'ns, and brave its utmost storm ;  
 " Left once receiv'd within the city gate,  
 " Troy still might stand, secur'd by certain fate.  
 " But shou'd your hands profane her sacred pow'rs,  
 " Then falls destruction headlong on your towers,  
 " (First may the fire of Gods his vengeance shed,  
 " And hurl his thunders on the author's head).  
 " But if you place the horse within your gate,  
 " Then from yourselves you'll ward impending fate ;  
 " This dreadful war transferr'd shall Asia bring  
 " To fertile Argos and the Grecian king ;

" Troy to the Argive coast her troops shall lead ;  
 " Their walls shall tremble, and their heroes bleed."

Sinon o'ercame by his deceitful arts  
 The Trojan state, and gain'd our easy hearts ;  
 When neither Tydeus son, nor ten years war,  
 Nor fierce Achilles dreadful in his car,  
 Nor e'en the thousand ships which cross'd the main  
 With Greece's force, cou'd e'er such conquests gain.

Here to the troops appear'd a direful sight,  
 And fill'd our trembling breasts with wild affright.  
 For when to Neptune, monarch of the main,  
 His priest a bullock at the shrine had slain ;  
 Behold ! two serpents o'er the tranquil deep  
 With horrid orbs along the surface sweep ;  
 From Tenedos, fair isle ! their course they steer,  
 And both advancing tow'rds the shore appear :  
 High o'er the sea they raise their sanguine crests ;  
 Upon the surface glide their spotted breasts ;  
 Their tails the silent waters sweep behind ;  
 In rolling spires their spacious backs they wind ;  
 The floods resound ; the shore they now ascend,  
 And fires resistless from their eye balls send,  
 Darting their forked tongues ; half dead with fright  
 Breathless and pale we fly the horrid sight ;  
 Full on the children of the priest they flew ;  
 Each with his deadly bite an infant flew.  
 With eager haste to 'venge his children's fate  
 The father snatch'd a spear ;—alas ! too late.  
 Twice round his body, and his neck as oft  
 They twist about, and throw their heads aloft,  
 Whilst he attempts to break their hold in vain,  
 His sacred fillets they with gore distain.  
 He rais'd to heaven such deep tremendous cries  
 As when the wounded bull from slaughter flies.

The serpents guarded by Minerva's pow'r  
 Rush o'er the earth and seek her sacred tow'r ;  
 Swift to the goddes' feet they bend their way,  
 And safe beneath her dreadful Ægis lay.  
 A trembling horror at the direful fight  
 Ran thro' our limbs and fill'd our minds with fright :  
 Strange, sudden fears possess the minds of all ;  
 All, all confess the justice of his fall ;  
 Who rashly durst profane the wooden steed  
 And wound its sacred sides with impious deed.  
 We strait insist to place the fatal bane  
 Within the city at Tritonia's fane.  
 The Walls we overthrow and city gate ;  
 Each busy hand assists the work of fate.  
 Some fix the wheels, whilst others strait around  
 The monster's neck the hempen cordage bound.  
 The fatal horse ascends the Trojan tow'rs,  
 Full with the Grecian arms and Grecian pow'rs.  
 Boys and chaste virgins, as it pass'd along,  
 Rejoice to pull the cord, and join in song.  
 High o'er the walls the advancing steed look'd down  
 Big with destruction to the destin'd town.  
 O my dear country, O ye Trojan race !  
 Who from the gods themselves your lineage trace !  
 Four times within the gate the monster stood ;  
 Four times the clang of arms resounded thro' the wood.  
 But we unheedful, to our ruin blind,  
 Urge on the work with frantic joy of mind.  
 Drawn to the temple by the chosen bands,  
 Within the sacred arch, the monster stands.  
 In vain Cassandra told what heav'n decreed ;  
 The maid was fated never to succeed !  
 That day, the last which Ilion shou'd enjoy,  
 With festive wreaths we crown the gods of Troy.

The day declines, night rushes o'er the sea,  
 Cov'ring the globe and Grecian treachery.

Then

Then Ilion slept ; the drowsy God far spreads  
 His balmy slumbers o'er the Dardan heads.  
 The Grecian Phalanx now prepare again  
 To sail to Ilion o'er the silent main.  
 By Phœbe's feeble glimm'ring light they steer,  
 Soon to their sight the well-known shores appear.  
 When from the royal ship a sign was giv'n,  
 False Sinon, favour'd by the gods and heav'n,  
 Open'd the bulky monster's secret doors ;  
 The horse to air the hidden Greeks restores.  
 Tisandrus, Sthenelus, from its wooden side  
 With dire Ulysses down the cable glide :  
 Athamas, Thoas and Machaon there  
 With Menelaus and Achilles' heir,  
 And he who built the fraudulent Engine's height  
 The crafty Epeus, next appear in sight.  
 The town they strait invade ; the Trojans lay  
 Immers'd in sleep and eas'd from toils of day.  
 They slay the watch and ope th' appointed gate ;  
 Whole hosts of Greece invade the falling state.

It was the time when Saturn's son great Jove  
 Sent down the god of slumber from above ;  
 Then Hector's ghost before my eyes appear'd,  
 Dragg'd as he was, with blood and dust besmear'd.  
 Before my sight I thought the vision stood ;  
 Down his wan cheeks there ran a briny flood :  
 His beauteous body still the wounds retain'd,  
 And in his legs the barb'rous holes remain'd.  
 Ah me ! how chang'd from Priam's glorious son  
 Clad in Achilles' arms from great Patroclus won ;  
 Who hurl'd against the fleet the Phrygian brands  
 And came victorious from the Dardan strands.  
 His squalid beard and locks distilling gore,  
 His breast all bleeding with the wounds he bore,  
 When round his country's wall in glorious strife  
 He nobly faught, and nobly lost his life.

These

These words methought to Hector's shade I said  
 "Thou light of Troy, the Trojan's firmest aid,  
 "Why this delay? from what far distant bourn  
 "Does Hector to his longing Troy return,  
 "After so many deaths and bloody wars  
 "Of Ilion's state, and all her various cares?  
 "Why do we see these wounds, why view that face?  
 "Besmear'd with blood, and robb'd of ev'ry grace?  
 To these vain questions he made no reply  
 But from his lab'ring bosom heav'd a sigh.  
 "O fly, Æneas, fly impending fate;  
 "With Flames the foe surrounds the Trojan state;  
 "Troy by the Argive gods and Grecian pow'rs  
 "Falls to the ground, and lays in dust her tow'rs.  
 "Enough to Priam and to Troy is giv'n;  
 "If it had been the sacred will of heav'n  
 "By any hand to save our country's woe,  
 "This hand, ere now, had stopp'd the insulting foe.  
 "Troy's household gods committed to thy care  
 "Thy future fortunes and thy fate shall share:  
 "After long wand'rings o'er the stormy main  
 "Another Ilion thou shall raise again."

This said, he strait committed to my hands  
 Vesta's eternal fire and sacred bands.

In the mean time with dreadful scene of woe  
 The state is fill'd; the shouts still louder grow.  
 Altho' my father's royal mansion stood  
 Hid in the deep recesses of a wood,  
 Yet still the din of war more plain I hear;  
 The clash of shields and arms assault my ear.  
 I shake off sleep; and rising from my bed  
 With lift'ning ears upon the roof I tread.  
 As when combustion spreads o'er ripen'd corn,  
 By raging winds the scatt'ring flames are born;  
 Or, as the torrents from the mountains brow  
 Sweep o'er the fields and level all below,

Down fall the forests with a hideous crush,  
 And the wild waters o'er the harvest rush ;  
 Th' astonish'd shepherd starting at the sound  
 With terror views the dreadful waste around,

Too true the words of Hector prov'd ! the guiles  
 Of Greece appear, and all her treach'rous wiles.

Now, now alas ! the noble mansion falls  
 Of brave Deiph'bus with its lofty walls ;  
 The quick flame next Ucagon's assails ;  
 Ev'n to Sigæum's straits the horrid blaze prevails.

The mingled noise of men and arms arise,  
 And the loud clamours strike the distant skies.

Determin'd with my friends in fight to die,  
 Madly I arm, and to the battle fly.

When lo ! old Pantheus from the Argive bands  
 Flies with his gods, and grandchild in his hands,  
 And at the threshold of my mansion stands.

“ How is it, Pantheus, with our state ? what tow'r

“ Can Ilion boast in feeble Priam's pow'r ? ”

Scarce had I spoke when thus the priest replies,

And whilst he spoke, his bosom heav'd with sighs.

“ The fatal day is come ; Troy is no more ; ”

“ Trojans we were and once these names we bore ; ”

“ Ilion once stood, and Teucer's warlike name

“ Spread thro' the world her undiminish'd fame.

“ Jove now has giv'n his Troy to adverse fate,

“ And the Greeks triumph in her burning state.

“ Now from its deep, spacious, hollow, den,

“ The horse pours forth its hosts of armed men.

“ The traitor Sinon casts the flames around,

“ And lofty Troy comes tumbling to the ground,

“ The Greeks rush forward thro' the city gate,

“ Thousands who never sail'd from Argos' state.

“ Not the first shock our foremost guards sustain,

“ But strive to stop the rushing tide in vain.

By Pantheus fir'd I snatch with haste my arms,  
 And furious rush amidst the dread alarms,  
 Where'er the furies of the war arise,  
 And where the din of arms assault the skies.  
 Ripheus and hoary Iphitus appear,  
 And Hypanis and Dymas to our ranks adhere,  
 And young Choræbus, Mygdon's only joy,  
 Who scarce had slept within the walls of Troy.  
 (Cassandra's love the youthful warrior sought  
 And aid to Priam and the Trojans brought.  
 Unhappy youth ! too resolute and bold,  
 When thy Cassandra's lips this deathful scene foretold).

These when I saw prepar'd in arms, I said,  
 " Brave youths, in vain to Troy you lend your aid.  
 " But dare ye follow me amidst alarms,  
 " And rush to death and die in honour's arms.  
 " Ye see the fate of Troy ; alas ! the gods  
 " Have left its shrines and fled from its abodes,  
 " The gods who built her tow'rs and lofty wall  
 " Now doom their Ilion by the Greeks to fall.  
 " Then let us rush amidst the foe, and fly  
 " To meet our fate ; in arms we'll nobly die.  
 " One hope, one hope alone awaits us yet,  
 " Which is, all hopes of safety to forget."  
 Then rage and fury in each bosom stood ;  
 As rav'ous wolves, wide prowling round for food,  
 Impell'd by hunger and depriv'd of day,  
 Strike to the fields and make the flocks their prey,  
 Their brood impatient looking for their fires ;  
 Thus we sprung forward thro' the Greeks and fires :  
 Thro' arms, thro' Greeks, thro' death we bend our course,  
 And to the town we make our way by force.

Night now began her dusky wings to spread,  
 And throw her gloomy shades o'er ev'ry head,

But who, alas ! midst sighs and tears can tell  
 What souls descended to the shades of Hell ?  
 Renowned Troy ! ah once, once glorious state,  
 But now o'erwhelm'd by flames and adverse fate !  
 Many brave heroes in thy temples bled !  
 Thy streets were fill'd with mountains of the dead.

'Tis not alone that conquer'd Troy now dies ;  
 New force, new vigour in the conquer'd rise.  
 The Greeks late conqu'ring fall on ev'ry side ;  
 Fear, death and terror thro' the battle stride.  
 Androgeos first a victim to our arts  
 Advanc'd in front, and thus his mind imparts ;  
 " Haste, brave allies, what means this slothful stay,  
 " Whilst others bear Troy's glorious spoils away ?  
 Thus spoke Androgeos ; but, surpriz'd with fear,  
 Perceiv'd his fault and death approaching near.  
 As when a peasant midst the spreading brake  
 In heedless walk hath trod upon a snake ;  
 The swain starts back amaz'd with fearful breast,  
 The snake collects his rage and swells his azure crest :  
 Just so Androgeos at th' unwelcome sight  
 Starts back amaz'd, his blood all chill'd with fright.  
 We rush upon our foe, and mingled in alarms  
 Press and inclose them round with hostile arms.  
 Strange to the place unnumber'd Greeks we slay ;  
 Thus fortune smil'd upon our first essay.

Then Mygdon's son exulting o'er the dead,  
 Addressing thus his fellow-warriors said ;  
 " O friends, whilst fortune does her gifts display,  
 " Strait let us follow, where she leads the way ;  
 " Your shields and arms exchange ; quick strip the slain ;  
 " Who shall enquire from an hostile train  
 " Whether by fraud or force the day we gain ?  
 Thus spoke the youth, and plac'd upon his head  
 The horse-hair'd helmet of the hero dead.

Now ev'ry Trojan deck'd in Grecian arms  
 With desp'rate fury rush'd amidst alarms.  
 We fought in darkness ; many a Grecian fell  
 And went pale ghosts to Pluto's gloomy cell :  
 Some to the fleet retire, some to the shore,  
 Some scale the monstrous horse thro' fear once more,  
 When lo ! Cassandra Priam's royal fair  
 Dragg'd from the shrine with loose, dishevell'd hair,  
 Dragg'd by the Greeks, an unrelenting train !  
 To heav'n imploring, rais'd her eyes in vain ;  
 Her beauteous eyes—for cords and cruel bands  
 The Greeks had fix'd about her tender hands.  
 Choræbus cou'd not bear the horrid fight ;  
 But rush'd upon the foe, resolv'd to die in fight.  
 To aid the hapless youth with arms we fly  
 Resolv'd like him to conquer or to die.  
 Quick from on high fall down the whizzing show'rs  
 Of darts and weapons from the Trojan tow'rs :  
 Our Grecian arms deceiv'd our Trojan friends,  
 And bloody slaughter on our head descends.  
 Then lo ! the bands of conqu'ring Greece appear,  
 Ajax and great Atrides guard the rear.  
 Thro' ev'ry Grecian breast, thro' ev'ry band,  
 Rage and dire fury in each bosom stand ;  
 For rev'rend Priam's virgin daughter lost  
 Fierce flew the Argive train on Ilion's host :  
 As in a whirlwind opposite tempests rage ;  
 The west, the south, the eastern winds engage ;  
 Fierce roar the forests, the wild waves divide,  
 And leave a passage in the foaming tide.

Those now appear, who thro' the shades of night  
 Had sought their ships in base inglorious flight.  
 These were the first, our Grecian arms who knew  
 With Trojan voice ; on us with rage they flew.  
 And first Choræbus—doom'd by fate to feel  
 Pen'leus cruel arm and vengeful steel.—

At Pallas fane the youthful warrior fell,  
 And went with Ripheus to the shades of hell ;  
 Ripheus most just, observant most of right,  
 Yet sent by Jove relentless to dark night.  
 Hypanis and Dymas by their friends were slain  
 Nor Pantheus cou'd thy Pray'rs, nor Phœbus fane  
 Protect the priest—alas, a priest in vain !

O lov'd remains of Ilion's once proud state !  
 And all ye Grecian flames which caus'd her fate !  
 Ye saw my deeds ! bear witness, in that night  
 No hostile dart I shun'd by shameful flight :  
 If fate or mighty Jove had doom'd my fall,  
 Then had I di'd before my country's wall.  
 Hence forc'd away by dismal shrieks and cries,  
 And the loud shouts which rend the vaulted skies,  
 With wounded Pelias thro' the town I go,  
 And hoary Iphitus by age made slow.  
 To Priam's royal house we bend our way,  
 And the dread horrors of the night survey.  
 Here fought the Greeks, here Mars with bloody arms  
 Strode in the front and rous'd the dire alarms ;  
 As if elsewhere thro' Troy no wars were wag'd,  
 No heroes bled, no fire or tumult rag'd :  
 With such resistless force, the warring god  
 And Greeks rush forward to the King's abode.  
 The troops besieg'd the gates ; advancing near  
 Over each other's heads their ample shields they bear.  
 Furious, undaunted, whilst the jav'lins flew  
 O'er their left arm their pond'rous shields they threw.  
 Their ladders high against the walls they rear,  
 And o'er the top the rising Greeks appear.  
 High from the battlements the Trojans throw  
 Whole roofs and turrets on th' approaching foe.  
 In this last effort of distress they tear  
 The gilded rafters, and as weapons bear

Those

Those stately ornaments, which once proud Troy,  
 And all its wealthy monarchs did enjoy.  
 Others with swords defend the gate below  
 And firmly guard them 'gainst th' assailing foe.  
 We strait resume our ardour and inspire  
 Within each drooping breast fresh life and fire ;  
 To Priam's lone recess direct our way,  
 Rouze our dejected friends and chide delay.  
 There was a passage and a secret gate  
 Where Hector's wife, whilst stood the Trojan state,  
 Us'd to resort, and bear her lovely boy,  
 The prince Asty'nax to the king of Troy.  
 This way I gain the tow'r ; from ev'ry hand  
 Swift flew the darts upon the Argive band.  
 Plac'd on a summit stood this lofty tow'r  
 Which rose to heav'n and brav'd the starry pow'r ;  
 From whence we us'd to view all Troy, the main,  
 The Greeks, the camps, the navy, and the plain !  
 Down from the top are thrown the loosen'd planks,  
 Which thund'ring hurl destruction on the ranks ;  
 Others succeed ; nor cease we yet to throw  
 Darts, rocks, and ruins on the incessant foe.  
 Lo ! foremost now amidst the dread alarms,  
 Appears Achilles' son in glitt'ring arms :  
 As when by winter forc'd, the pois'rous snake  
 Flies quick for refuge to the thorny brake,  
 Fed with obnoxious herbs of half the plain  
 Casts his old skin and shines in youth again,  
 Lifts to the sun his sanguine, horrid, crest,  
 Licks with fork'd tongue his mouth, and rears his glitt'ring  
     breast.  
 With him his fire's undaunted Charioteer  
 Automedon, and Periphas appear.  
 The Scyrian troops brave Lycomedes leads,  
 These hurl the flames and thunder on our heads.  
 Arm'd with an axe huge Pyrrhus bursts the doors,  
 Rends off the hinges, and lets in his pow'rs.

The conqu'ring Greeks the spacious dome survey,  
 Where royal rooms imperial pomp display.  
 The monarch's guards before the entrance stand,  
 A firm, undaunted, tho' devoted band.  
 Throughout the wretched mansion terror flies,  
 And all the place re-echoes with the cries  
 Of female woe, which rend the vaulted skies.  
 The frightened matrons run from place to place,  
 Give parting kisses and the last embrace.

See, Pyrrhus rush with all his father's force !  
 Nor bars, nor gates, nor guards can stop his course ;  
 Just as a river raging from its deeps  
 Bursts its strong banks and o'er the country sweeps,  
 Nor corn, nor flocks, nor folds its force sustain ;  
 The raging billows bear them to the main.  
 Then as fierce Pyrrhus near the threshold stood,  
 And both th' Attribæ terrible in blood,  
 I saw the aged monarch's purple gore  
 Distain those altars which he rais'd before.  
 Those fifty beds throughout the sacred place,  
 Whence sprang the hopes of Priam's num'rous race,  
 Those rooms enrich'd with gold, which conq'ring Troy,  
 From foreign kings had won, the Greeks destroy.

Perhaps, O Queen, you wish me to relate  
 The dismal tale of royal Priam's fate.  
 Soon as he saw the foe within his wall,  
 The spreading flames, and knew his country's fall,  
 With trembling hands he grasps his spear and shield,  
 Girds on his useless sword and takes the field,  
 Amidst the thickest of the armed foes  
 Resolv'd at once to end his life and woes.  
 An altar stood beneath th' expanded sky,  
 Near which a laurel rais'd its branches high,  
 Encircling Ilion's gods within its shade ;  
 Here fled the Trojan Queen beseeching aid.

Her tender daughters fled, like doves when driv'n  
 By show'rs of black'ning storms from angry heav'n;  
 Around the statues of their gods they stand,  
 And seize the altars with a trembling hand.  
 Soon as she saw the King, she cries, " my lord  
 " Why clad in arms? what means this useless sword?  
 " No such defenders, no such arms have pow'r  
 " To check the foe, or stop the fatal hour;  
 " No, not great Hector's hand; here stand we all  
 " Sav'd by this altar, or together fall.

Thus spoke the Queen; then in her arms embrac'd  
 Her aged lord, and at the altar plac'd.  
 When lo? Polites one of Priam's sons  
 Urg'd by fierce Pyrrhus thro' the palace runs;  
 Wounded he flies; the cruel Greek draws near  
 Still nearer pressing with portended spear:  
 Within the father's sight upon the ground  
 At length he fell; life issu'd from the wound.  
 Midst all the terrors of approaching death  
 The King in rage expends his feeble breath;  
 " Oh! oh! he cries, may great avenging Jove  
 " Burst on thy head his thunders from above,  
 " (If justice dwells within th' ethereal sky  
 " Or gods regard thy impious acts from high)  
 " For this bold outrage, which this mournful night  
 " Sees wound with filial blood a parents fight.  
 " Not thy pretended fire old Peleus' son  
 " Such barbarous actions to his foe has done;  
 " Ev'n he, the terror of the warring plain,  
 " Restor'd my Hector's lifeless corpse again,  
 " Paid some regard to Priam's suppliant right  
 " And sent me safe to Troy again by night.  
 This said—against th' inexorable foe  
 The weak old King essay'd his spear to throw;  
 Faintly it struck, and tinkling on the shield  
 Fell inoffensive on the hallow'd field.

" Hence, cries the Greek, and with this message go  
 " To great Pelides in the shades below ;  
 " Tell what unworthy acts in Troy were done  
 " In this dread night by his degen'rate son ;  
 " Now die "—this said from where the altar stood  
 He dragged the monarch thro' his offspring's blood :  
 With his right hand he rais'd his sword in air ;  
 His left entangled in his hoary hair ;  
 Deep in his side the fatal faulchion stood,  
 And the life issu'd with the purple blood.  
 Thus fell the King ! thus doom'd to fall by fate  
 In bitter death amidst his sinking state !  
 Once the proud monarch of the Phrygian coasts,  
 Who rul'd great nations and unnumber'd hosts,  
 Now lies an headless corpse along the shore  
 Mix'd with the vulgar and defil'd with gore !  
 Then, nor till then did horror seize my brain,  
 When I beheld the Dardan monarch slain ;  
 My father to my mind arose, my house,  
 My boy Iulus and my tender spouse.  
 I gaz'd around to see, what troops were near ;  
 Lo ! all had fled from base, dishonest fear,  
 Or midst the Greeks in desp'rate fury rush'd,  
 Or lay upon the ground by flaming ruins crush'd.  
 Alone I stood, when in the gloom of night  
 At Vesta's temple Helen struck my sight.  
 She, baneful fury ! fear'd the Trojan Sword,  
 Fear'd her own Grecians and deserted lord.  
 Whilst at the shrine she lurks, my anger glows,  
 Fierce and more fierce my furious rage arose,  
 Shall she then view her native land again ?  
 And sail victorious o'er the spacious main ?  
 Shall she behold with longing eyes her spouse,  
 Her parents dear, her sons, her royal house ?  
 Shall Phrygian dames the Spartan Queen surround ?  
 Shall Priam die and stain with blood the ground ?

Shall

Shall Troy be burnt ? shall Phrygia's fertile shore ?  
 Be press'd with heroes and besmear'd with gore ?  
 No ; for tho' I gain no glorious name,  
 Nor can a female's death encrease my fame ;  
 Yet still against this pest my arm to raise,  
 And take her life, wou'd be eternal praise :  
 'Tis what I owe myself, my friends, and Troy  
 This source of all our mis'ries to destroy.  
 Furious I spoke, resolv'd within her breast  
 To plunge my sword, and slay the baneful pest.  
 When to my eyes the Cytherean dame  
 My mother Venus all a goddess came ;  
 Thro' the tremendous, glimm'ring shade of night  
 She shone confess'd the goddess to my sight ;  
 With such full charms, as when conven'd by Jove  
 She sits amidst the gods in heav'n above.  
 She seiz'd my hand and sighing heav'd her breast  
 And with her rosy mouth these words address'd :  
 " What rage is this ? ah ! whither does thou run !  
 " Is all my care forgotten by my son ?  
 " Will you not turn to where Anchises lies ?  
 " Where fair Creüsa fills the dome with cries ?  
 " Where you have left your helpless, tender boy  
 " The young Ascanius, now the hope of Troy.  
 " Without my care the Grecians swords, and fire  
 " Had slain your household, offspring, wife and sire,  
 " Not Sparta's Queen, nor Priam's oft blam'd son,  
 " But Jove, and adverse gods these things have done ;  
 " They all conspire, and all their thoughts employ  
 " To raze the lofty tow'rs of heav'n built Troy.  
 " Those humid vapours, and those mists which rise  
 " And intercept the view from mortal eyes  
 " My pow'r shall quick disperse ; strait, banish fear,  
 " Obey the precepts of a mother's care.  
 " Where you behold vast rocks disjointed lie,  
 " Where dust and smoke in waves ascend the sky,

" There

" There raging Neptune overthrows the wall  
 " Himself had rais'd, in lamentable fall.  
 " Behold the Queen of heav'n with fury stands,  
 " Clad in immortal arms amidst her Argive bands,  
 " Guards fierce the Scæn gate, and from the main  
 " Calls forth her Grecians o'er the dusty plain.  
 " Behold Tritonian Pallas ! turn your eyes  
 " On yon high tow'r which props the lofty skies ;  
 " There see the Goddess furious wield in air  
 " Her dreadful shield and shake her pond'rous spear !  
 " Almighty Jove the tyrant of the skies  
 " Aids Argos' arms, the Greeks with strength supplies ;  
 " Partial he thunders 'gainst the Phrygian tow'rs  
 " And stirs against his Troy th' immortal pow'rs.  
 " Haste then, my son, begone, quick haste your flight ;  
 " I'll safe conduct you thro' the bloody fight."  
 Scarce had she spoke, when from my longing sight  
 She funk and vanish'd to the shades of night.  
 Now direful forms and adverse gods appear,  
 And all the dreadful images of war.  
 First built by Neptune monarch of the main  
 Then tow'ring Ilion sinks to nought again :  
 As when the fwains upon the mountains brow  
 Ply the tall ash, and blow succeeds to blow ;  
 The tree with head uprear'd amidst the sky,  
 Threat'ning and tott'ring waves its boughs on high,  
 Subdu'd at length by fierce, incessant force,  
 It thunders headlong in impetuous course.

Lo ! now conducted by maternal care  
 Thro' fires I pass, thro' darts, thro' bloody war :  
 The hostile spears recede, the flames retire.  
 Soon as I found the mansion of my fire,  
 With haste I sought to bear his helpless age,  
 From death's rude shock, and war's wide spreading rage.  
 Firm he resolves with sacred Troy to die,  
 Nor o'er the raging seas an exile fly.

" Fly ye, he cries, whose strength remains entire,  
 " Whose blood yet flows with warm and youthful fire.  
 " Had my short life been precious to the Gods,  
 " Then had their pow'r preserv'd me these abodes.  
 " Enough for me that I have seen the fall  
 " Of Troy's strong battlements and lofty wall.  
 " Haste, fly, O youths? yet give a parting tear,  
 " The losf of burial I with ease can bear:  
 " This sword shall find my death, and end my woe;  
 " Or else—I'll humbly ask it from the foe.  
 " Useless, abhorrd I've liv'd, since thun'dring Jove  
 " Blasted my limbs with light'ning from above."

Thus spoke Anchises, whilst throughout the house  
 The cries re-echo of my friends and spouse,  
 " Oh! quit this scene which nought but death presents,  
 " Nor aid misfortune in her dire intents."  
 Still he denies to fly; then with a look  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and sorrow, thus I spoke;  
 " Ah! wretched me what counsel now is left,  
 " Of ev'ry prospect, ev'ry hope bereft?  
 " And can you think, that I from Troy will fly,  
 " And leave a father midst the flames to die?  
 " Midst foes and death to leave you thus alone?  
 " Can you, O fire, propose to such a son?  
 " If 'tis by Jove, th' almighty lord decreed  
 " That you in Troy by conq'ring Greeks must bleed;  
 " If you are fix'd not yet your life to save;  
 " Behold! the gate lies open to the grave!  
 " Lo! Pyrrhus comes with blood all cover'd o'er,  
 " Stain'd with the aged Priam's royal gore.  
 " Who with his ruthless sword in Priam's view  
 " First stabb'd the offspring, then the parent slew.  
 " Was it for this, O mother, with your care  
 " Thro' death, and foes you led me thro' the war?  
 " To see my fire, my wife, my tender boy  
 " Welt'ring in gore, the once proud hope of Troy?

“ Arms, arms, my men,—ah give me to the foe !  
 “ This hour demands me—let me end my woe !  
 “ Give me to the field in arms once more to shine  
 “ Then great revenge ! revenge in death be mine ! ”

Then I brace on my shield, gird on my arms,  
 And madly sally midst the dire alarms.  
 But lo ! Creüsa by the door I meet  
 Leading my boy ; she clings around my feet,  
 And thus the beauteous dame with tears began,  
 “ If bent to seek thy death too daring man ;  
 “ Midst death in all its shapes resolv'd to run ;  
 “ Ah ! take thy dear Creüsa and thy son.  
 “ But if some hopes in war and arms appear,  
 “ First guard thy fire, this house, thy wife and heir.  
 “ Who shall defend thy fire, thy son, and wife  
 “ When thou in dust art laid, bereft of life ?  
 Thus spoke Creüsa, and with shrieks and cries  
 Pierc'd ev'ry ear, and rent the vaulted skies.  
 When on a sudden to our wond'ring sight  
 Julus' hair sent forth a stream of light.  
 The flames around his curling tresses spread,  
 And round his temples innocently fed.  
 With trembling haste, myself, and tender dame  
 Pour crystal streams upon the sacred flame.  
 Anchises joyful rais'd to heaven above  
 His hands, and thus invokes immortal Jove,  
 “ O Jove, the lord supreme of men and gods  
 “ Look on us Trojans from thy blest abodes,  
 “ Confirm this sign and cast a fav'ring eye ;  
 “ Propitious hurl thy thunders thro' the sky.”

Thus spoke my fire, when Jove enthron'd on high  
 Hurl'd from the east his thunders thro' the sky.  
 A star burst forth, and shone thro' glimm'ring night,  
 And quickly flew, emitting streams of light.

O'er the high house its radiant beams it spread ;  
 We mark'd its way ; tow'rds sacred Ide it led :  
 With heav'nly light the mountain shone around,  
 Sulphureous flames arose and lighted all the ground.  
 My fire o'ercome with this, with steadfast eyes  
 And hands uplifted, thus in transport cries ;  
 " Fly, fly, my son, oh ! banish all delay !  
 " Your steps I'll follow and commands obey.  
 " Ye earth born deities, and ye heav'nly gods  
 " Protect my son, protect our blest abodes ;  
 " These are thy omens, Jove ; celestial powers  
 " Descend, and save from flames the Trojan tow'rs."

This said—the fires more plain I seem to hear ;  
 The roaring flames assault my trembling ear.  
 " Haste then my father—'tis no time to wait ;  
 " Haste, mount my shoulders, a most pleasing freight !  
 " One common fortune, O my fire, we'll have,  
 " One common safety, or one common grave.  
 " Ourself will lead the tender boy ; and you,  
 " My much lov'd consort, shall our steps pursue.  
 " Attendants, hear observant my commands ;  
 " Without the town a ruin'd temple stands ;  
 " Proceeding there by different roads we'll go,  
 " And there assembling 'void the watchful foe.  
 " Do you, O father, bear within your hands  
 " Our gods, our symbols, and the sacred bands ;  
 " By me that holy office were profan'd,  
 " Unhallow'd as I am, with blood distain'd !  
 " Till the pure stream has wash'd the guilt away.  
 " And foul pollutions of this fatal day."

This said—a Lion's horrid spoils bedeck  
 My brawny shoulders and submissive neck,  
 My sacred load I bear with ardent joy,  
 And snatch with eager haste my tender boy,  
 Who ran with steps unequal by my side,  
 And at a distance follow'd my dear Bride.

My cautious eyes thro' ev'ry path I run  
 Fearing for all; my wife, my fire, and son;  
 I, whom before nor darts, nor Greeks cou'd fright,  
 Tremble at ev'ry whisper of the night.  
 The gates approaching with my precious load  
 I seem'd t' have 'scap'd the foe by ev'ry road,  
 When trampling feet Anchises seem'd to hear  
 Look'd thro' the shade and thus exclaims with fear;  
 " The Greeks approach—see the uplifted hand ;  
 " See the bright armour of the ruthless band !"  
 Bereft of sense, and struck with deep despair,  
 Midst this distress I lost my lovely fair.  
 Whether by Argives slain and 'vengeful sword,  
 Or captur'd by some cruel Grecian lord,  
 Or drooping from fatigue upon the shore,  
 Alas ! she blest these longing eyes no more.

Nor did I know of my Creüsa's stay,  
 Nor e'er perceiv'd that she had lost her way,  
 Till to the mount and sacred fane I came  
 Where all assembled but the unhappy dame.  
 Struck with unutterable grief and woe,  
 Whom of the gods above, or men below  
 Did I not blame ? or midst the raging fight  
 What scene more cruel ever struck my sight ?  
 To my friends care I leave my fire and boy,  
 And all the household gods of conquer'd Troy.  
 Then to the walls of flaming Ilion's state  
 I rush with speed, and enter at the gate.  
 Our former route I trace in wild affright,  
 And search Creüsa midst the shades of night.  
 Horror around its frightful pinions spread,  
 And the deep silence of the night I dread.  
 Then thro' the paths and slipp'ry fields of war  
 My wearied footsteps to my house I bear,  
 If haply wand'ring from the bloody plain  
 My wife had sought her husband's house again.

The foe was there ! and flames with fury driven  
 Roll'd up devouring clouds and blacken'd all the heav'n.  
 From hence I rush with speed by ev'ry foe,  
 And to old Priam's flaming mansion go ;  
 There in the temple dire Ulysses stood  
 With hoary Phoenix, grim with human blood :  
 To watch the spoils of conquer'd Troy they stand  
 With chosen guards, a firm, undaunted band.  
 Here massy bowls, and vests unnumber'd lay ;  
 There heaps of gold the Monarch's wealth display.  
 Boys and affrighted matrons in a row  
 Stand near the spoils, encircled by the foe.  
 Then thro' the gloom I send my mournful cries,  
 Groan following groan re-echoes thro' the skies ;  
 I call my lost, my loved wife in vain,  
 Loud and more loud I call her name again ;  
 When lo ! at length to my astonish'd eyes  
 In form enlarged Creüsa seem'd to rise.  
 Struck and confounded at the sight I stood ;  
 Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chill'd my blood.  
 Then thus the visionary phantom speaks,  
 " Ah why, my spouse, these tears bedew thy cheeks ?  
 " Great Jove denies and all the immortal gods  
 " That thou shalt bear me o'er the raging floods.  
 " Now hear attentive what the fates ordain ;  
 " Long shalt thou wander o'er the boist'rous main,  
 " Till thou shalt fail to fair Italia's strand,  
 " Where Tyber's gentle streams enrich the land ;  
 " There thou shalt reign, blest with a royal house,  
 " Blest with a Kingdom and a royal spouse.  
 " Lament me then no more ; I shall not go  
 " With Phrygian dames, a captive to the foe.  
 " For know, the mother of the heav'nly gods  
 " Detains thy consort in her blest abodes ;  
 " Alas ! farewell, cherish with tender joy  
 " My dear remembrance in our infant boy."

This having said, th' imaginary fair  
 Fled like a dream and vanish'd into air,  
 Thrice with my arms I strove to grasp the shade,  
 But thrice my longing arms in vain essay'd,  
 Like a thin smoke, the visionary sprite  
 Shrunk from the touch and vanish'd from the sight.  
 The night being far advanc'd, I straitway go  
 To meet my friends, the partners of my woes:  
 When lo ! a wretched crew assembled stand  
 Prepar'd to sail from conquer'd Ilion's land,  
 To wander o'er the boundless ocean's plains,  
 Where'er the gods decree, or fate ordains.  
 The morning star its light o'er Ida spread  
 And brought Aurora from Tithonus' bed.  
 Then I beheld, O Troy, thy heav'n-built tow'r  
 Laid low in dust by Greece's conqu'ring Pow'r.  
 Yielding to fate, to sacred Ide I bear  
 My helpless sire, first object of my care!

### F I N I S.

